

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXIV. No. 2127

London  
April 1, 1942



1/6

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# THE TATLER

## and BYSTANDER

LONDON  
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Price :  
One Shilling and Sixpence  
Vol. CLXIV. No. 2127

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 14d.



Hay Wrightson

### The Countess of Lewes :

The Countess of Lewes married in 1938 John Henry Guy Larnach-Nevill, Earl of Lewes, elder son and heir of Lord Abergavenny, of Eridge Castle, Tunbridge Wells. Lady Lewes was formerly Miss Mary Patricia Harrison, and is the fourth of Major and the Hon. Mrs. John Fenwick Harrison's eight daughters, and a grand-daughter of Lord Burnham; her parent's home is King's Walden Bury, Hitchin, Herts. Lord and Lady Lewes have two daughters, Anne Patricia, born in 1938, and Vivienne Margaret, born in February last year, who was christened on Easter Sunday at Eridge Green. Lady Lewes's eldest sister married the elder son of Sir Thomas Milborne-Swinnerton-Pilkington, Bt., in 1931. Lord Lewes is a Captain in the Life Guards, and his place in Oxfordshire is The Castle House, Deddington



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## This Decisive Year

IN all quarters it is now recognised that 1942 may prove to be the decisive year of the war. The next nine months can determine whether it is to be victory or something hardly distinguishable from defeat. Germany is hard pressed. By their constant harrying of the enemy throughout the winter the Russians have greatly increased the difficulties of the Nazis, compelling them to throw in reserve divisions which were being prepared for the summer offensive, and to use up great quantities of material. On the other hand we must observe that the iron discipline of the German Army has prevented anything in the shape of a rout.

While Germany struggles to increase war-like production by every means in her power, using all the factories of the occupied countries, Britain, through the greatly increased striking power of the R.A.F. is trying to reduce German production while increasing her own. For the moment it may appear that this is the only offensive action of which we are capable, though we should not overlook that the Navy and the Mercantile Marine, by carrying great loads of weapons and supplies to our Allies across the dangerous seas are also contributing in an offensive way.

## "The Second Front"

IT is quite natural and proper at this moment that we should all wish to see an Allied Expeditionary Force operating once more against Germany in Western Europe. Apparently four-fifths of the German Army is now pinned down in the grapple with Russia, leaving only one-fifth to guard against eventualities in other parts of the Continent. Lord Halifax broadcasting to the United States on Britain's war effort the other day, stated that

there are in this country today 1,500,000 regular troops and 2,000,000 Home Guards.

I know many most experienced young generals who contend that with greater determination and planning in the training and equipment of the Home Guard that force could be left with only a small stiffening of regular divisions to guard this country against surprise attack. Then, and then only, they say, can you take the risk of sending the regular army back on to the Continent.

Evidently before long the forces in the British Isles will have been further strengthened by the arrival of ever more American troops ready to play their part. But the important point is that we should reach the stage where we can get back on to the Continent while Germany is still locked in grips with Russia. Our blows to bring the decisive defeat of Germany, perhaps this year, must be delivered at the earliest possible moment. That calls for the most violent exertions by every one of us during the next six months.

## For Bigger Production

THERE will be general approval of Mr. Oliver Lyttelton's outline of the way in which he will direct the war production of the country. Mr. Lyttelton is well aware both of the complexity of the problem and the urgent need for simplification wherever this can be achieved. Our war production has been allowed to develop on lines which have been described as "organised chaos." With the aid of his small general staff he will bend his energies to cutting out the more obvious causes of delay and frustration.

Mr. Lyttelton's powers appear to be adequate—for the moment at least. I imagine that Sir Andrew Duncan, as Minister of Supply, was anxious to retain control over

the allocation of raw materials. It was clearly essential, however, that raw materials and the means of converting them into armaments—to wit machine tools and labour—should come under the same general directive. Indeed, the weakness of the new arrangement lies in the fact that Mr. Lyttelton must rely on his own ability to work in harmony with Mr. Ernest Bevin, rather than being able to give directions which must be obeyed.

## Services in Consultation

OF first-class importance is the fact that production from henceforth will be planned by the Services and the technicians of the production ministries working together. That should ensure that our factories are constantly engaged on making weapons and equipment in accordance with the settled strategical plans of the soldiers, sailors and airmen. It is an astonishing thing that we should have to



## The Prime Minister's Brother

Major John Strange Spencer-Churchill is the Prime Minister's only brother, and is six years his junior. Major Churchill served in the army in South Africa in 1899-1900, and in the last war, when he received the D.S.O., the Legion of Honour, the Order of Avis of Portugal and the Croix de Guerre. He married Lady Gwendoline Bertie, daughter of the Seventh Earl of Abingdon, who died last year, and he has two sons and a daughter



## The British Electrical Development Association Lunch

The British Electrical Development Association held a luncheon in London recently. In the picture are Mr. A. J. Fippard, chairman of E.D.A., and Mr. Hugh Dalton, M.P., the guest of honour. Mr. Dalton, who became President of the Board of Trade in February, paid an eloquent tribute in his speech to the services that electricity is giving to the war effort



Also at the E.D.A. lunch were Mrs. Bentham, the Dowager Lady Swaythling and Miss Caroline Haslett, C.B.E., who is the Director of the Electrical Association for Women and President of the Women's Engineering Society. Miss Haslett is also the Adviser to the Ministry of Labour on women's training. She recently toured America studying conditions there. The Dowager Lady Swaythling is the widow of the second Baron Swaythling and mother of the present holder of the title



## Conservative Candidate for Tavistock

Captain H. G. Studholme, seen here with his wife, is standing as Conservative Parliamentary candidate in Tavistock by-election. He served with the Scots Guards in the last war, and rejoined the regiment in 1940. The eldest son of Mr. W. P. Studholme, former High Sheriff of Devon, Captain Studholme is keenly interested in estate management and agriculture



Councillor W. Stanley Edgson, Mayor of Westminster, bought the first Saving Certificate to be sold at the London News Agency selling centre in the Strand after opening a War Photograph exhibition held in connexion with London's Warship Week. The Mayor gave an informal lunch to celebrate the opening day of the campaign, which was attended by the First Lord of the Admiralty



### Warship Week Buyers and Sellers in the West End

All the London hotels and restaurants had selling centres staffed by voluntary helpers during London's Warship Week. Steve Donoghue, the famous jockey, gave his contribution at one restaurant where Lady Petre, Lady Betty Baldwin, Mrs. W. W. Wakefield, Mrs. John Nicoll and Mrs. Morley Kimmerley were sellers



### The Norwegian C-in-C

General Wilhelm Hansteen, recently promoted from the rank of Major, has been appointed Supreme Commander-in-Chief of all Norwegian Forces by land, sea and air. The General, who is forty-five, became an officer of the General Staff at twenty-two, and was Chief of Staff of the Fifth Division from 1934-36. As Norwegian Military Attaché at Helsinki he followed closely the whole of the Russian-Finnish war of 1939-1940

welcome this as an innovation after two and a half years of war. But there is the simple fact.

The Production Minister explained that the Services would be represented on his Joint War Production Staff by the Assistant Chiefs of Staff. That presumably means the Vice-Chiefs. If that is what Mr. Lyttelton meant he will have from the Air Ministry one of the best and most experienced minds on production available in this country today—namely, Sir Wilfrid Freeman. The country owes a great deal more to Sir Wilfrid than it knows. But for him we should not have entered this war with an air force whose machines were so excellent that the boys were able to fight off the most terrible threat under which we have lain for many long centuries.

It is no exaggeration to say that Sir Wilfrid Freeman, more than any other man, was responsible for the far-sighted policy which put Hurricanes and Spitfires and many of our great heavy bombers into production when in other countries they were content with obsolescent designs—Germany included. And although he was a professional soldier turned airman, in the four years before he

became Vice-Chief of the Air Staff, Sir Wilfrid Freeman had learned and applied all that a man must know about engineering and production if he is to build an air force out of nothing.

### Poland and America

GENERAL SIKORSKI, the Polish Premier and Commander-in-Chief, is not likely to remain for long in the United States. It is a peculiarity of governments in exile that internal difficulties arise more frequently and are more difficult to compose than is the case when the national representation is at hand to give a sense of stability. It would not surprise me to learn that General Sikorski would welcome a suggestion that the seat of Poland's provisional government should now be moved from Britain to the United States. But I am not at all sure that Mr. Roosevelt will give the necessary invitation. Certainly he will not do so without first ascertaining the views of the British Government on the matters involved.

The future of the Polish State in the new Europe is one which obviously cannot be determined until the country has been freed from domination by the German invader. Assuming an Allied victory there will be many questions for negotiation between Poland and Russia, with Britain and the United States participating in the discussions. Indeed, there would be much to be said in favour of concluding a treaty of alliance now between Russia and the Western Powers. On such a basis the three leading members of the United Nations would have a basis for frank exchanges of views on the new world which they hope to see emerge from the ashes of the old.

There is little question that Stalin would welcome such an agreement. But President Roosevelt, 3,000 miles away, with the memory of the Atlantic Charter which he devised fresh in memory, and the knowledge that election to Congress will be held this year, might well feel reluctance to enter upon discussions which could involve many hypothetical questions of principle. General Sikorski's last visit to the United States was most useful to the Allied cause. It helped to ensure that the large Polish population of America influenced a great volume of American labour in favour of all-out war against Hitler. I hope that his present visit will be equally constructive.

### Consulting De Gaulle

I HAVE the impression that a real effort will be made after Easter to work out a more satisfactory basis of collaboration between

Britain and the Free French Movement. Somewhat belatedly Whitehall is waking up to the fact that in General de Gaulle himself we have a first-class military mind, of large vision and great mental energy, whose views could often be heard with advantage by our own staff planning committees. Similarly in M. Rene Plevin we have at our disposal a man of intimate first-hand knowledge of African and Middle Eastern problems, with whom we could concert plans for developing new strategical roads across Africa from the Atlantic to the Red Sea.

A most encouraging feature of the Free French Movement has been the extent to which it has attracted and brought into prominence young French commanders, whose names were not known to the bulk of Frenchmen in earlier days of the war. News of their exploits reaching the French people through British and French information services is known to be having a heartening effect on the young men of France, occupied and unoccupied alike.

### The Fighting Spirit

OUTSTANDING among these is General de Larminat who, at the age of forty-six, is commanding the French forces operating with the British Eighth Army in Libya. On the fall of France it was General de Larminat who actually raised the Free French forces at Ismailia. General de Gaulle made him Governor-General of French Equatorial Africa.

With him is General Leclerc, who at the age of thirty-nine, is showing himself to be one of France's outstanding soldiers. In 1940 he was commanding a regiment in the Chad territory from which the forces under his direction have lately carried out brilliant raids on the Italians in southern Libya. General Legentilhomme, Free French Commissioner for War, too, has extensive knowledge of the Middle East, for he served with General Allenby's forces in the Levant in 1918, where he became close friends with General Wavell, then a major at G.H.Q.

First of the French generals to declare his determination to continue the fight under General de Gaulle, General Legentilhomme was in command at Djibouti at the outbreak of war. Ranking with him in interest is Rear-Admiral D'Argenlieu, now responsible for defence of the highly important French possessions in the Pacific. A former submarine officer, who in peace time was a Carmelite monk, Admiral D'Argenlieu's story is too fascinating to be potted into a brief paragraph.

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By James Agate

## A Film About You and Me

I WAS looking the other day into a volume of essays by a dear friend of mine, the late Basil Macdonald Hastings. The essays look like being forgotten, which would be a pity since Mac, besides wielding a delightful pen, was full of the one quality which makes a good essayist, the gift of curious observation married to a sense of shrewd philosophy. It was Mac who asked how it comes about that while you and I, going to take tickets for a railway journey, must always bend down, the booking clerk can always stand up.

IN an essay entitled "Easter Holiday" he is maintaining that the average man deserves his recreation and is not to be denied it.

Ourself is a pretty deserving fellow, take him for all in all. He works steadily, prays, at least when he is frightened, and does what his wife and doctor tell him. He stands at the back and cries "Hurrah!" at celebrations; he writes crisp little letters to help fill up the columns of the great newspapers, and, if searched, may prove even to be a Rotarian. Moreover, he buys "Washex" and "Shiney" and "Killo" in order that those engaged in the manufacture of these commodities may live.

I hold that that is well said.

THE film at the Empire called *H. M. Pulham Esq.*, is based on John P. Marquand's novel of the same name. It is a film about Ourself. It is a film of Everyman considering his past life and wondering just where he was wrong, and why, and perhaps even whether.

We see young Harry Pulham first of all as a boy at school having a thin time of it very much as our own Tom Brown had a thin time during his first term at Rugby. He is told by his housemaster that the important thing in life is to have a good time, and not

let anybody know if you don't. Next we see him at Harvard, and here I congratulate Hollywood on an improvement in style. The last time I saw a Hollywood film about Rugby football the hero had met with a car accident and sent his young brother, who arrived on the field ready dressed, as his substitute. The boy scored a try, and as the captain of the side made the kick which was to convert it into a goal, he realised that the smart little chap's finger-nails were tinted. The hero's young brother turned out to be his sister. Yes, Hollywood is getting on!

Harry Pulham does not actually accomplish any great feat in the match which we are mercifully spared. As I sat at the Empire I thought of my one and only experience at Rugby football. I suppose I was fourteen, and the game seemed to me to be an enormous fuss about nothing; I preferred Tennyson to putting my head down in the scrum. There came a moment when somebody passed me the ball. I took one look at the hairy giant in front of me, and passed the oval on to somebody else. After which I managed, I know not how, never to play again. I think perhaps I took music lessons instead. But that, of course, is strictly by the way.

AFTER Harvard, Pulham joins the American Expeditionary Force in the First World War, goes to France, and wins a medal. The war over, he returns to America, scorns an easy life at Boston where his people are somebody, and goes to New York to start a career in soap advertising. Here he meets Marvin Myles, a pushful young woman who knows what she wants—a car with a chauffeur, a mink coat and a French maid. Harry falls in love with Marvin and introduces her to his mother, who is stuffy à la Galsworthy. Marvin wants to live her own life, which means keeping

Harry in New York and not sitting around in Boston "joining discussion clubs and fussing with curtains." Then Harry's father dies and the young man, succeeding to the cash, the arm-chairs and a position in Boston society, decides to remain a Bostonian, settle down, marry, beget children and forget about Marvin.

This is O.K. by Kay, one of those sensible, efficient, rather hard American young women who don't mind very much whose breakfast table they preside over so long as the china is good. Kay, too, had thought herself in love with another young man, and indeed had been ready to run away with him. But the young man had seen the red light or rather he detected the absence of it, for Kay, being a Bostonian, had not much use for passion. Anyhow the young man having cleared off, Harry and Kay decide to make a go of it.

TWENTY years pass, and one morning Harry is seated in his office when the telephone rings. We have seen him come down to breakfast and receive his wife's matutinal, perfunctory kiss. (I remembered with a pang how Charles Hawtrey used to go through this ritual, and receive the unwanted endearment behind the lobe of the left ear.) The gesture comes at exactly the right moment in the film since it tells us all we need to know about Pulham's marriage. And if anything is wanting, the knowledge is supplemented by Pulham's pimply heir and the bespectacled pig-tailed little girl whose principal interest in life is garden spiders. Happiness, yes. Ecstasy, no.

Then Harry and Margaret meet and decide to behave themselves. And Kay takes her husband for a motoring week-end, and reads him a lecture on domestic bliss which, though she may not know it, is cribbed from Stephen Phillips. She tells him that they have got peace,

Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,  
Durable from the daily dust of life,  
And though with sadder, still with kinder eyes,  
We shall behold all frailties, we shall haste  
To pardon, and with mellowing minds to bless.

Harry says yes, he supposes so, and we are left to draw the moral that the second-best is best. Is this film a little dull? Yes, if you think *The Forsyte Saga* dull. But it is nearly as long. It is beautifully played by Robert Young as Harry, Hedy Lamarr as the glamorous young woman, and Ruth Hussey as the sensible wife.

*Paris Calling* (Odeon) tries to combine a picture of France in her agony with a melodrama about spying. Hollywood alone knows why Miss Bergner, who is an Austrian, should be chosen to represent a typical French girl. I should like to say that Miss Bergner gives a good performance, but with the best will in the world I cannot. She glooms throughout, never changes her facial expression, and plays the whole thing on one note of glum resentment. This may be realism but it is poor fun to watch. Whatever liveliness there is in the film is provided by Mr. Basil Rathbone as a Vichy diplomat or French snake in the grass.

I frankly decline to believe in the existence of a French occupied town, whether on the coast or inland, in which a seaplane can taxi up to the door of a closely-watched café, arrest the Nazi officers and rescue the assembled conspirators. The point is made that the Nazis are likely to view with suspicion a British seaplane taxi-ing down a French street. This is got over by making the plane one captured from the Germans at Narvik! The pilot of the plane is an American, and we understand that he takes Miss Bergner back to Hollywood with him. She should never have left it.



The Girl *H. M. Pulham Esq.* Loved and the Woman He Married

*H. M. Pulham, Esq.*, is an ordinary man. After life in the army, the idea of returning to the rich Bostonian bosom of his family has its drawbacks. So *H. M. Pulham* finds a job to keep him in New York. He also finds a beautiful companion, a girl who plans a big career for herself. But in the Career Girl versus Boston Society fight which follows it is Boston society who win and it is Boston society who finally provide the right wife for *H. M. Pulham*. Hedy Lamarr is the girl with the career; Ruth Hussey the chosen wife, and Robert Young, as James Agate says above, is "you." Go and see yourself and what life can do to you at the Empire

# "How Green Was My Valley"

Richard Llewellyn's Best Seller of 1940 on the Screen

Director John Ford, who won the 1935 Academy Award for the finest directing of the year with *The Informer*, has again been honoured for his direction of *How Green Was My Valley*, which is classed as the outstanding picture of the year. He has converted Richard Llewellyn's heroic story of a family of Welsh coal miners, the Morgans, into one of the year's most beautiful and stirring films. There are no starring roles, no formal plot, yet there is enough romance and drama to fill three ordinary pictures. At times, Ford uses the voice of a narrator to explain the sequence of the story, at times it is the singing of a Welsh choir which breaks the silence. A twelve-year-old British boy, Roddy McDowall, who was taken to America by his mother last winter after the bombing of London, plays Huw, youngest member of the Morgan family. *How Green Was My Valley* has been made by Twentieth Century-Fox and is now at the New Gallery and Marble Arch Pavilion



The story is built around the lives of one large family, the Morgans, and the preacher Merddyn Gruffydd, in a coal mining village in the Rhondda Valley of Wales. (Left to right) Ivor (Patric Knowles), Davy (Richard Fraser), Mrs. Morgan (Sara Allgood), Gwilym (Evan S. Evans), Bronwen, Ivor's wife (Anna Lee), Mr. Morgan (Donald Crisp), Huw (Roddy McDowall), Angharad (Maureen O'Hara), Mr. Gruffydd (Walter Pidgeon), Ianto (John Loder), Owen (James Monks)

The only daughter of the Morgans, Angharad, falls in love with the preacher, the Rev. Merddyn Gruffydd. Because of poverty they never marry (Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon)



Youngest son of the family is Huw. He loses the use of his legs as the result of an accident. After many months in bed, Huw is taught to walk again by the preacher, who with infinite patience instils his own faith into the boy (Roddy McDowall and Walter Pidgeon)



Tragedy strikes the Morgan family when Ivor, their eldest son, is killed in a mine disaster. The sad news is broken to Ivor's wife, Bronwen, by old Mr. Morgan and the preacher, but it is a shock and sorrow from which she never recovers



The ultimate tragedy is when old Mr. Morgan is himself trapped in the mine. He dies in his young son's arms, "the brightness inside him burning on the mountain top of his spirit" (Walter Pidgeon, Donald Crisp and Roddy McDowall)

# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## *Blossom Time (Lyric)* *Sadler's Wells Ballet (New)*

LET it be said at once, since comparisons need not be odious, that *Blossom Time* is *Lilac Time* in another part of the old Vienna garden. These two operettas are not so much independent works as variations on a similar theme—genius at odds with life and love. Schubert, the hero of both, is the same inspired innocent who loves wisely but too well, and who throws off immortal melodies with the careless fecundity of a blackbird in spring.

*Lilac Time* had the advantage of being first in the field and of culling, I won't say the best, but the better-known Schubert lyrics to enhance an obedient libretto. Moreover, it had in Miss Evelyn Laye a heroine who knew as much about trilling a lyric over the footlights as of the nice conduct of a pert parasol.

Miss Leueen MacGrath, on whose pretty shoulders the heroine's fichu has now fallen, is not primarily a singer. Hers is not the coloratura of the larynx, but of the heart; and as Vicki, the dancing master's daughter, chosen by baleful Aphrodite for the simple composer's undoing, she expresses herself with charming tenderness in the prose that is common to us all. She does essay one song, it is true; but that is a lampoon to be vamped, not a lyric to be trilled, and it is designed to advance the plot rather than to reach the heart.

FOR the best part of two acts, I fancy, comparisons may favour *Lilac Time*, despite Mr. Rodney Ackland's new book, and the bevy of sportive young beauties who attend the academy of Vicki's papa, demanding up-to-date Schubert to dance to instead of old-fashioned Mozart.

Yet Mr. John Deverell's old dancing-master is a delightful dry-point; Miss Hella Kurty brings zest to the plot, and the brief appearances of Mr. Bertram Wallis are an education in style. Purists may doubt whether the curl-papers that hold the auburn tresses of Schubert's vociferous landlady in pre-festal suspense are really the manuscript of his *Ave Maria*, but no one will doubt the warmth of the heart that beats under the ample corsage of

Miss Margaret Yarde. And while Schubert himself may have romantic shortcomings as a lover, the charm of his lyrics is as indisputable as the art with which Mr. Richard Tauber so generously sings them.

THE last act brings on, as *deus ex machina*, a tyrannical Archduchess for Schubert, like Orpheus, to tame. But it is the lyrics that make the play, and Mr. Tauber's singing of them that justifies their somewhat arbitrary dominance of the plot. The best of them have something of the effortless charm of Shakespeare's songs. They voice the thrill of unexpressed, and the ache of unrequited, love; and they reach, because they express, the heart.

So nostalgia replaces frivolity, and old Vienna, the librettist's paradise, comes into



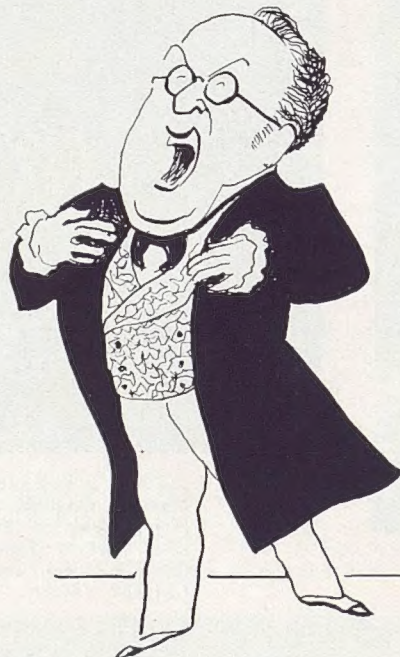
The old dancing master, Wimpassinger, tries to pacify the enraged dignity of Frau Stomp, a landlady (Margaret Yarde and John Deverell)

its own again, its salient features unchanged. Love and laughter, sentiment and song are its staple delights, and Strauss-a-la-Novello, or Schubert-a-la-Tauber its plats du jour.

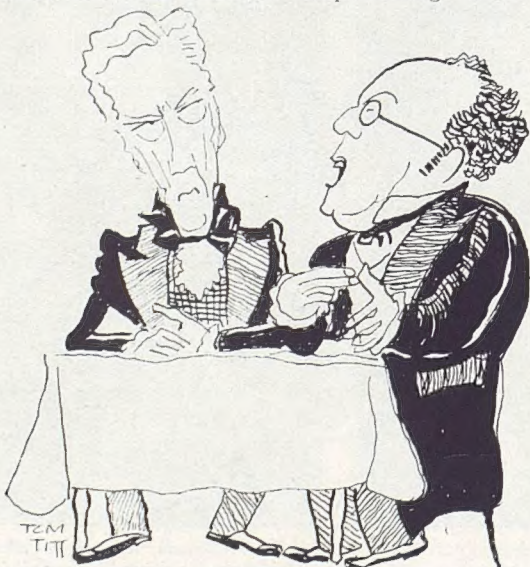
THOSE darlings of the gods, the Sadler's Wells dancers, evoke a different, a more rarefied nostalgia. During their all too brief season at the New Theatre, which finishes on Easter Saturday, they have rung the changes on a remarkable repertory. They have danced the Tchaikovsky classics, *Coppelia*, the ineffable *Sylphides*, and some of their own creations; and as a company they continue to grow in achievement and grace.

The clou of the season has been the dancing of Margot Fonteyn, the company's young ballerina, and of Robert Helpmann, her perfect partner. Such a performance as that of *The Sleeping Princess*, for instance, with which the season opened, is a test of both stars and satellites which the company passed with honours.

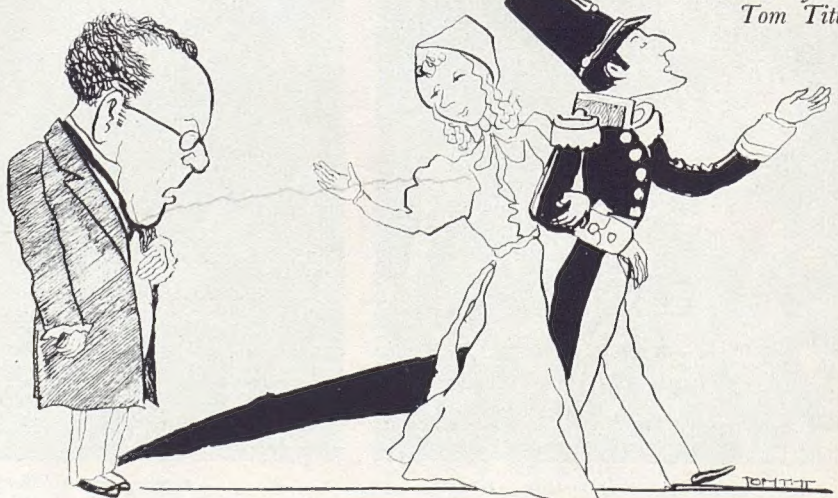
When one remembers how near they have been to the hazards of war—their last-moment escape from invaded Holland—the rigours of provincial touring in wartime, and the depletion of their ranks by the military call-up, the wonder is not that their form should have been threatened, but that it should be so well maintained. The younger recruits who are filling the gaps are shaping better than well; and their latest creation, the *Comus* masque, so notable for its scenic beauty, musical perfection, and the Miltonic graces which Mr. Helpmann's choreography so happily retains, would be reason enough for praise.



Franz Schubert (Richard Tauber) puts all his love for the dancing master's daughter into his music



Schubert is forced to sell his piano to his friend an old antique dealer to raise money (Bertram Wallis and Richard Tauber)



Schubert is heartbroken when his love steps out with the gallant officer of the Archduchess's Body Guard (Tauber, Leueen MacGrath and Neal Arden)

Sketches by  
Tom Titt

# Musical "Honours"

B.B.C.—A.F.S. Medals; Cabaret Goes Russian



*An Original Version of "Ochichornaya": Zoë Valevska and Anita Douglas with Paul Fedorov and Basil Yakoushev*



*"Russian Salad" is the Title of the First Russian Cabaret Ever Presented at the May Fair Hotel*



*Nicholas Chesterman, Willem de Mont, Ruth Naylor and Terence MacDonagh*

Two members of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra were recently decorated by the King for bravery during one of the worst London blitzes in April last year. They are Willem de Mont, 'cellist, and husband of Ruth Naylor, one of the principal singers in *Tales of Hoffmann*; and Terence MacDonagh, principal oboe player, both members of the A.F.S. (de Mont received the B.E.M. and MacDonagh the M.B.E. for rescuing two members of the W.A.A.F. from a blazing building during the raid). Nicholas Chesterman, double bass player, represented Sir Adrian Boult and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at the Investiture, and these photographs were taken after the ceremony at the St. John's Wood home of Mr. and Mrs. de Mont

Five Russian singers and dancers have been delighting patrons of the May Fair Hotel recently in the cabaret "Russian Salad." Nina Alova, Anita Douglas and Zoë Valevska are graceful and spectacular dancers, ably assisted by Paul Fedorov and Basil Yakoushev. Nina Alova will be remembered for her spirited dancing in former days at the Sporting Club of Monte Carlo, and Zoë Valevska, soprano, who hails from Leningrad, played in the film *North East*. This all-Russian cabaret, very topical to-day, is the first of its kind to be seen in London

*Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick*

*Ruth Naylor and Terence MacDonagh  
Discuss a Musical Matter*



# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

## Army Manoeuvres

WITH assault troops charging past him to take cover behind the King's car, his Majesty had a real "close-up" view of modern Army methods during the day he spent with a famous division, which played a great and valiant part in the Battle of France, in the Southern Area recently. For more than six hours the King was in the field with the troops, watching them alternately playing the part of attacker and defender, crashing through road blocks, wiping out strong posts and storming gun positions, stopping and annihilating tanks, repelling surprise advances, and destroying oncoming columns with skilfully directed, accurate fire from 25-pounders.

It was a heartening contrast to the formality of some Royal inspections, and the King seemed to enjoy the day as much as the officers and men, who were glad of the chance of showing their efficiency.

His Majesty has visited three divisions in succession lately, in varying states of offensive readiness, and in each he has been impressed with the fighting spirit of the troops, and their eager anxiety to get to real grips with the enemy.

## Pat-on-the-Back

THOUGH Courts and Levées are, for the present, things of the past, the war has brought little less work to Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chamberlain, than he had in the busy social days of peace. With an Investiture at the Palace nearly every week, Lord Clarendon has actually more official engagements on his diary now than ever, and to sort out in correct order the 300-odd men and women from all three Services, as well as the Civil Defence folk, who are due to receive medals from his Majesty is no small or easy task. Right up to the last minute the list is being altered by force of circumstances, as sudden duty calls away some and unexpected leave releases others to come to the Palace.

It is the men of the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy who, unwittingly, cause the most trouble, for the simple reason they never know in advance when they will be in port. Sometimes officers and ratings wait nearly two years after the actual award to receive their decorations. In all these cases the King has given orders that no formalities are to stand in the way of the medallists taking their very first chance of attending an Investiture, even if it means their arrival at the Palace virtually unannounced.

Two of them who came to a recent Investiture were so completely unexpected that the supply of their particular decoration, a very high one, had run out, and while the two sailormen were waiting in the queue to pass in front of the King, a Palace official had to leap into a car and drive fast and furiously to the Royal Mint to obtain the two medals.

So smoothly was the job done that neither the King nor the two surprise arrivals had any idea of what had occurred.

## Private Lascelles

YOUNG Viscount Lascelles, first member of the Royal Family to join the Army as a private, is settling down in the Grenadier Guards, and his letters home have caused a lot of amusement to his parents, the Princess Royal and Lord Harewood, himself an old Grenadier officer.

At Eton young George Lascelles showed considerable literary promise, and achieved a certain amount of fame by running the *Harewood News* with his brother, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, though perhaps its reputation was based rather on the excellence of its racing information, which really did come "straight from the stable," than on its literary pretensions. But his letters describing life in the ranks show a distinct turn of humorous appreciation of new situations, and a willingness to accept things as they come, which should stand him in good stead in his Army career.



Harlip

## To Marry Mr. P. G. Egan

The engagement was announced recently of Mrs. Esmée Elizabeth Cox and Mr. Patrick Geoffrey Egan, eldest son of Mr. Victor Egan, of Old Lyme, Connecticut, and of the late Mrs. Egan-Newcomb. Mrs. Cox is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Kirkman Finlay and of Lady Finlay, of Chavey Hall, Ascot, Berks.

## New "B. for B." President

MRS. ROBERT BINGHAM is now our link with the Bundles for Britain organisation in America. Who doesn't remember her lovely parties in London when her husband was the United States Ambassador over here, and her tactful shepherding of the American debutantes who used to flock to this country at that time to be presented at Court?

Mrs. Wales Latham, known to many of London's society folk, was the founder of the Bundles for Britain movement. Having now handed over that particular job to Mrs. Bingham, she becomes President of Bundles for America, but she is so popular with those having a personal interest in the sending of comforts to Britain that, by special request, she is Mrs. Bingham's honorary president.

## White House Rationing

MRS. ROOSEVELT, by the way, has set exactly the same example to socialites in the States as did the Queen in this country in regard to rationing. Just as Buckingham Palace and the Royal Household have the same allocations of butter, sugar, meat and the rest as everybody else, so the White House and the President's household are rationed for sugar like the rest of the Americans.

Which means that less cake is being served to guests, and that fruit salads are taking the place of ice-cream in the White House menus!

## First Night

A FIRST NIGHT that threatened to extend into the small hours was of *The School for Slavery*, by Lajos Biro. The best moments were borrowed from *Bulldog Drummond*, and the worst were laboured and lop-sided propaganda, passion and, finally, poison-taking, with brutish Nazis versus subjected Poles. Maurice Browne played the old man who got fifteen strokes of the whip in the first few minutes, and later assumed a dentist's coat and control of an elaborate electric set-up; Catherine Lacey wreathed a tortuous and intense way through the part of a pure young girl, and Barry Morse had his first West End part as the young Nazi airman who has his arm in a sling and hates the regime. He plays a long part pleasantly and convincingly, and has an interesting history, having had an L.C.C. education, become an office boy at fourteen and won an R.A.D.A. scholarship at sixteen.

Distinguished Poles took an interest in the production, and Countess Raczynska, wife of



Poole, Dublin

## The Wedding of an Irish M.F.H.'s Daughter in Co. Wicklow

Sub-Lieut. Godfrey Skrine, R.N.V.R., son of the late Mr. Walter Skrine, and Mrs. Skrine, of Ballyrankin House, Ferns, Co. Wexford, married Diana Doyle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dermot Doyle, of Ardeen, Shillelagh, at Shillelagh Church

The wedding reception was held at Coollattin House, home of Earl Fitzwilliam, cousin of the bride's father. Above are Mr. Dermot Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Keane and Mrs. Dermot Doyle. Mr. Keane is a nephew of Sir John Keane, and his wife is the Irish playwright and a sister of the bridegroom. Mr. Dermot Doyle is Master of the Coollattin Hounds



Catherine Bell



Pearl Freeman



Lenore

Miss June Brinley Richards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Brinley Richards, of 36, St. Leonard's Terrace, S.W., is to be married this month to 2nd Lieut. Courtenay Trevelyan Young, Intelligence Corps, younger son of Sir George Young, Bt., and Lady Young, of 12, Holland Street, W.

### Brides to Be: Three Recent Engagements

Miss Prudence M. E. Mathews is to marry Captain Eric Astley Cooper-Key, the Royal Norfolk Regiment, only son of Captain A. D. C. Cooper-Key, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Cooper-Key, at St. James's, Spanish Place, on April 11. She is the youngest daughter of Sir Ronald and Lady Mathews, of Aston Hall, Yorkshire

Miss Elizabeth Sinclair has announced her engagement to Captain Archibald Michael Lyle, the Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment), youngest son of Sir Archibald and Lady Lyle, of Glendelvine. Miss Sinclair is the younger daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair, of Ulster

the Polish Ambassador, was there with her sister and Mr. B. Leitgieber, the artist First Secretary to the Embassy. Also M. Seyda, Polish Minister of State. Others in the audience were Mr. Beverley Nichols, Mr. Brian Desmond Hurst, Mr. Herbert Marshall (who produced *Thunder Rock*), and Mr. and Mrs. Jack de Leon.

### Parliamentary Snack Bar

THE bar and sandwich bar in the House of Commons have a jollier atmosphere, than the Debating Chamber, where two or three of the more ascetic Members drone out little set speeches to one another, while the majority argue less formally over a drink. One of the tallest M.P.s about was Mr. Emmott, a nephew, through his mother, of the Duke of Argyll. Captain Alan Graham was hurrying about, too—

he is Member for a Cheshire division and has a pretty South African wife.

And Major Randolph Churchill was, of course, to be seen, a conspicuous, uniformed figure.

### Chelsea

CHELSEA, home of types, has, of course, lost many of its inhabitants to the Services, but they reappear on leave in the various pubs, most of which are fairly old.

Mr. A. P. Herbert, in his dark blue uniform of the River Police, is often about—he is the Member for Oxford University. Then there are Lady Mary Montagu, the Duke of Manchester's daughter; Miss Antoinette Rosling, who used to act under the name of Karen Petersen, and who was with the English Players in Paris; Miss Beatrix Lehmann, now in *Jam To-day*;

Mr. and Mrs. Gavin de Beer—she was a Medlicott, from Devonshire—and Mrs. David Livingstone-Learmonth, whose husband is stationed in Wiltshire.

### Ambulance Workers in the North

THERE was a big gathering at Ulverston when the new headquarters of the local division of the St. John Ambulance were officially opened.

Lady Fell performed the opening ceremony (her husband, Sir Matthew Fell, was unable to be there because he was ill). The Rector, the Rev. J. Stuart Rimmer, dedicated the room, and Cadet Margaret Southwood presented a bouquet to Lady Fell.

A large photograph of Lieut.-Colonel Pooley was unveiled by Nursing Sister Herrington as a

(Concluded on page 24)



### In Town

Lady Sassoon, widow of the late Sir Edward Sassoon, Bt., and Mrs. Robert Grimston were photographed in London recently. Mrs. Grimston is the wife of Mr. Robert Villiers Grimston, M.P., recently appointed Assistant P.M.G., and is the elder sister of Sir Cecil Newman, Bt.



### Red Cross Worker

The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, seen above in Red Cross uniform, is the wife of Captain Leslie Gamage, M.C., and a daughter of Lord Hirst. She is a very energetic war worker, and runs a hospital supply service which has its headquarters in Westminster



### A Royal Packer for Prisoners

The Duchess of Gloucester made her first public appearance since the birth of her son in December, at the Red Cross and St. John Packing Centre at North Row. Her sister, Lady Burghley, herself one of the head packers, watched the Duchess complete the millionth parcel despatched from the centre. More pictures of North Row are on page 19

# London Headquarters of the U.S.A.

## Mr. John Winant and His Staff at the American Embassy

In Grosvenor Square, London, an imposing building, guarded day and night by U.S. Marines, houses the staff of the American Embassy. Here the Ambassador, Mr. John Winant, spends most of his working day when in this country



Each morning a large mail awaits Mr. Winant's personal attention. Frequently the Counselor, Mr. H. Freeman Matthews, a former First Secretary of the American Embassy in Vichy, is called into consultation. Mr. Matthews comes from Maryland and came to Britain in January this year

Mr. Dorsey Fisher, from Maryland, is Second Secretary of the Embassy in charge of Press relations. He came over last spring, after four years as assistant chief of the Press Office in the Department of State, Washington

Major John D. Hill brought the first batch of Marines who guard the Embassy to London last July. He hails from South Carolina. The strange (to us) decoration he wears below his Service ribbon is awarded for marksmanship

Mr. Don C. Bliss is the Commercial Attaché. He came to this country last year from Calcutta, where he was American Consul. His former job as Trade Commissioner has taken him to many parts of the world, including Tokyo, Batavia, Singapore, Bangkok and The Hague





*In the Ambassador's own room, a large map of Europe backgrounds a photograph of President Roosevelt in one of his most characteristic poses. Mr. Winant first came to this country as a soldier of the American Expeditionary Force in the last war. Later he visited us as Assistant Director, then as Director, of the International Labour Office, Geneva. He arrived as Ambassador in February last year*

Mr. John Gilbert Winant succeeded Mr. Joseph Kennedy as Ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James in the early part of 1941. On his arrival in this country to take up his duties he was met by the Duke of Kent. Later that afternoon he was honoured further when the King met him at a railway station "somewhere in England" and took him home to tea with the Queen and the two Princesses. Three times Republican Governor of New Hampshire, John Winant is now one of Roosevelt's most ardent supporters. He is tall and dark-haired. His remarkable eyes are unforgettable. Frequently he has been compared in looks with Abraham Lincoln. In February he celebrated his 53rd birthday. At the moment he is in America with Mrs. Winant and their three children, John G., Jr., who is at Princetown University, where his father took an M.A. degree; Constance, now Mrs. Carlos Valando; and Rivington Russell, who is still at school

Captain Charles A. Lockwood, Jr., a specialist in submarine warfare, was until recently the U.S. Naval Attaché in this country. He returned to Washington about two weeks ago after two years here. His successor has not yet reached London



*Mr. Glenn A. Abbey is in charge of the Consular section. He is a Second Secretary of the Embassy, and came here from the Department of State (the equivalent of our Foreign Office) last summer. Most of his previous experience has been in Latin America and in South Africa*

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**M**ONSIEUR PIERRE COT, former French Air Minister, has been hurling defiance at his accusers in the Riom trial from New York, which seems to us an eminently sensible thing to do.

There's a French proverbial phrase, *filer sur Bruxelles*, which refers to the traditional custom of prudent financiers and other chaps, when in a hot spot, of hopping the Etoile du Nord night express and getting over the Belgian border just in time. The Argentine climate has always appealed to our own City boys, if they have time to make it; still more the air of Ecuador or San Marino or Liberia or one of those places from which they can't extradite you. And, if you remember, old Mr. Insull, America's most ruthless power boss, kept all Europe enthralled a few years ago as he skipped with great agility between France, Italy, Albania, Greece, Rumania, and Turkey before a pursuing U.S. district attorney or two caught up with him. (Not a dry eye in court, records John Dos Passos, when the dear old gentleman finally stood his trial back home and was found not guilty. Even lawyers wept.) Like M. Cot, Mr. Insull believed in putting between himself and the rough stuff the greatest possible number of miles, and who shall say this is a mistake?

A charming subject for a ballet the Insull epic would make, we always think; especially if the alguazils of the Law were dressed as Cupid.

## Playboys

**A** BOOKSY girl who recently remarked, modestly looking down her nose, that anyway there was only one original Don Juan in history was talking through her virginal toque, as often happens. There are two original Don Juans, both aristocratic playboys of Seville and equally celebrated in fact and legend for orgies, crimes, duels, abductions, seductions, and japes and romps with the citizenry generally.

Don Juan Tenorio, Mozart's Don Giovanni, is the chap who invites the Commander's stone statue to supper and is carried off to Hell by it, impenitent. Don Juan de Marañón turned penitent, became a monk, founded the hospital and church of the Caridad, and wrote the epitaph for his tomb they show you, to-day: "Here lies the worst man that ever lived in the world"—*Aquí yace el peor hombre que fué en el mundo*. The exploits of these two notables are richly confused in popular modern Sevillian legend. The same may happen a couple of hundred years hence to, say, Maurice and G. D. H. Cole, or Billy and Arnold Bennett, and in 2042 A.D. the mob may think Sir Georgie Wood was juggling with millions at the Treasury and Wee Kingsley Wood conducting the band at Queen's Hall, and that Gertie Lawrence ran Arabia and T. E. Lawrence went about slapping women and climbing trees.

Don't look round yet, but our feeling is that by then, maybe, it may not matter frightfully.



MAURICE M'LAUGHLIN.

"I reckon you'll show they Boers a thing or two"

## Birdie

**E**VERYTHING—well, practically everything—our feathered chums do interests Auntie Times, so it was natural that the changing habits of gulls, which are apparently flying more and more inland in all weathers and haunting the London suburbs, should be occupying her attention lately.

"Gull" being wellknown Tudor and Jacobean slang for "sap," there may be some slight symbolic significance nestling somewhere in it, and maybe a dirty crack at the Island Race from our little chums, who knows? From Dekker's once-celebrated little manual *The Gulls' Hornbook* it is clear that London was swarming with saps in the reign of James I., and it was Dekker's self-appointed mission to give them the razz, which he did very heartily, with all the subtle grace and whimsy of an elephant dancing on a tightrope. Why gulls should especially typify cretinism we couldn't say; they seem to us far less foolable than (say) hens. Indeed, gulls manage to fool old ladies on the Embankment into throwing them food, which is more than Slogger Joad can do, let's face it.

Hens, like Big Business men, have cruel faces and are easily deceived owing to their hellish greed. We know a lot about both and some day we are going to write a book attacking them, or anyway hens, who can't ring up and have you thrown in prison, as the Law now stands.

## Mixup

**T**HAT Mozart was plastered when he passed the libretto of *The Magic Flute*, revived at Cambridge the other day, is so probable that serious musicians won't even take the trouble to argue it, we find.

We've never found anybody to whom the plot of *The Magic Flute* makes sense. It starts as a fairy comedy and ends as a sort of Masonic allegory, going cuckoo somewhere in the middle. Not that opera-plots matter to any extent, but it certainly helps to have a broad idea of what is going on. When that tenor in one of Puccini's operas melodiously offers a baritone a whisky-and-soda you know you are being presented with a raw slice of Life, and even the stalls wake up and dream. When Senta in *The Flying Dutchman* leaps into the sea, that is generally all right with the average audience too; they've seen it at Brighton and Paris-Plage, and maybe pushed a few

(Concluded on page 14)



"If the bird laid it in the shilling tray, madam, that must be nature's price"

# After Pearl Harbour

Film Premiere in Blacked-Out Hollywood



Victor Mature, who has been playing in "Lady in the Dark," came with Mrs. Mature.



Mary Brian, Texas-born star, who made her name in "Peter Pan," came with Reginald Gardiner



Loretta Young and her radio executive husband, Tom Lewis. Loretta had that morning volunteered for Red Cross work

Below: Mrs. Gary Cooper, Gary Cooper, Mrs. Tyrone Power (Annabella) and Tyrone Power. Gary Cooper has offered his services in any capacity. Annabella is now playing in the Chicago production of Noel Coward's "Blue Spirit"



World premiere of *Sundown* took place in Hollywood on December 8th, twenty-four hours after America's declaration of war. It marked the end of a day tense with excitement. That morning all schools in Los Angeles had been closed down. A rigid black-out order was enforced. Many well-known film stars, among them Clark Gable, Ronald Colman, Basil Rathbone, had spent the day queueing-up to offer their services in any capacity. Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, and many others put their names down for Red Cross work. A U.S. Army searchlight battery set up living quarters in Walt Disney's animation buildings. But, with the black-out, true to tradition, the show went on, and Hollywood turned up in full force to support it



Marlene Dietrich and Jean Gabin supped at Ciro's after the premiere

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

unhappy girls off rocks themselves. Something simple and concrete for the mind to fasten on, like the rape of Brunnhilde—that's what opera-plots need.

Our old fellow-hack "Beachcomber's" recent idea of bringing a rousing ballet into the more dull or obscure operas and letting the two sides fight it out is a good one. A smart kick on the nose from some red-blooded ballerina would do that bore Lohengrin a bit of good, for a start.

## Crisis

BOXERS and lawn-tennis queens faint, cricketers stamp and sulk, and footballers cry when a *crise de nerfs* overwhelms them, as we all know. Even Spanish footballers can cry, we observe with surprise from a sports-gossip's recent reminiscence of a breakdown by Zamora, the ace goalkeeper, at Highbury some years ago.

Spaniards rarely weep; least of all when playing their own national game. An espada who has just escaped death by a millimetre may go pale as wax and sweat may pour off him as he faces the bull again when the trumpets announce the *suerte de muerte*; we've never seen or heard of one who shed tears. Evidently football does something to the proud, tough Iberian fibre.

Evidently, also, the more dangerous the sport, the less tearful. Chaps who risk their necks on the Cresta Run don't cry. Whympers never whimpered in the deadliest Alpine peril. Hard men and women to hounds blaspheme horribly on taking a whacking toss, but shed no tear; nor did the pre-war Brooklands speed-kings or the earliest aviators, like the Wright brothers, who went up in orange-boxes tied with string for fun and were always missing death or mutilation by inches. It's the ball-game gladiators who go womanish in a crisis, including those enormous girls, who evidently have a pansy streak. Ring up the M.C.C. and say the universal post-war flannel ball won't stop



"Take a letter, Miss Johnson"

## Bruce Bairnsfather in Northern Ireland The Creator of "Old Bill" Visits the American Army



"Mum's the word, Mate. It's only all the Jerries in Eire knows exactly where the American Army is"

the rot; it's their whole outlook needs changing.

## Arcadiana

ONE reason almost any Whitehall fuss over hygiene makes us laugh like a heap of flies is that we know two farmers, farming adjacent land. One is what is still called a gentleman farmer, the other what is still called a yeoman farmer.

The gentleman farmer's cows and cowmen alike are carefully washed, sterilised, groomed, and manicured each time before milking, the cowmen wear clean white smocks and neatly brushed hair and milk their cows in a spotless white boudoir. The jolly old yeoman farmer next door takes a wisp of hay, as his fathers have done for centuries, and gives his cows a perfunctory wipe as they lurch in; his cowmen never wash once in six months by the look of them, and milk amid the muck of ages. The rich yellow milk ensuing goes to a collecting centre and is duly mixed with the pure white milk of the gentleman farmer's cows, and nobody is a penny the worse.

## Prophecy

A FORECAST by a multiple tailoring firm that before long Churchill siren-suits or adapted battle-dress will be standard costume for the entire male population of these islands interested us chiefly because it was predicted many years ago.

When Max Beerbohm's unfortunate Enoch Soames sold himself to the Devil in the gay nineties for a glimpse of London in 1997, you remember, he found the shaven-polled citizenry all wearing a drab standard uniform numbered, and stinking of disinfectant, the State being in complete control of every citizen's every movement from cradle to grave. We used to think this a delicious if slightly sinister jest; before our (and your) eyes it is slowly turning into reality already. The sterile foes of family life have already begun howling to have communal feeding and other emergency herd-groupings established on a permanent State basis after the war. The coming herd-uniform is just a gift to them. The only thing that will save the Race's babies from being segregated from birth in State creches before long, maybe, is that there won't be any babies in this country in another generation or so, as everybody knows—with a hey derry down.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Harlip

## The Earl and Countess of Jersey

The Earl of Jersey married in 1937, as his second wife, Miss Virginia Cherrill, daughter of Mr. James Cherrill, of Hollywood, U.S.A. She was formerly Mrs. Cary Grant, and made her name in films as leading lady in Charlie Chaplin's first talkie, *City Lights*. Lord Jersey, who succeeded to the title in 1923 on the death of his father, was first married to Miss Patricia Richards, by whom he has a small daughter, Caroline, born in 1934. He owns five estates, covering 6000 acres, which have now been given over to agricultural production, and Lady Jersey keeps an eye on the organisation and running of them while her husband is serving in the Army. He is a Captain in the Royal Engineers. Lady Jersey is "godmother" to a squadron of Polish airmen, and keeps open house for all those in the vicinity of her home, the Old Palace, near Richmond, while another of Lord Jersey's houses is now being used as a hospital

## "La Belle Hélène"

The Opera-Ballet from Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," at the Strand Theatre



In the opening ballet of "La Belle Hélène," the three goddesses, Juno (Sally Gilmour), Venus (Sara Luzita) and Minerva (Elizabeth Schooling), indulge in a terpsichorean competition for the love of Paris (Frank Staff)



Paris offers a golden apple to the winner. Venus, Juno and Minerva plead in turn for his favours, hoping to win the coveted prize, and the scene is set on the smiling landscape of Mount Ida

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Helen falls asleep, and Cupid, Venus's special envoy, brings her a dream-promise which takes the form of Paris, with Hoffmann's features. The lovers disappear behind the cloud



Helen and Paris are disturbed by King Menelaus (Esme Percy), who, seeing them with his umbrella, and demands an explanation from the Cupids, chief of whom is Claydon. But after all—" 'tis but a dream " announce Paris and Helen in mi



Called upon to decide between the three charming competitors, Paris awards the apple to Venus, leaving Juno and Minerva disconsolate. Venus promises Paris the love of Fair Helen of Sparta, wife of King Menalaus



The love-scene following the ballet takes place in Menalaus's Palace. Victoria Sladen and George Israel take the singing roles of Fair Helen and Paris, while choreographic cupids prepare a couch for them behind a cloud

George Kirsta, whose new conception of Offenbach's famous *Tales of Hoffmann* ends with the opera-ballet *La Belle Hélène*, is himself responsible for the decor and costumes. Frank Staff, who plays the part of Paris in the ballet, is the choreographer; and the musical director and conductor is Walter Susskind. Other dancers are Sara Luzita, Elizabeth Schooling and Sally Gilmour. Victoria Sladen is *La Belle Hélène*, and the chief male singing roles are taken by Henry Wendon and Percy Heming, alternating each night with George Israel and Ernest Urbach, seen here. The first performance was in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors

Below: King Menalaus (Esme Percy), having discovered his wife, Helen, behind the cloud in the amorous embrace of Paris, considers revenge. Three cupids intervene, and one of them (Pauline Claydon), with her head on his shoulder, turns his thoughts in other directions

Below: Menalaus is told by Agamemnon (Ernest Urbach) that he must punish the lovers for their amorous interlude. But Menalaus prefers to ignore his advice and to take shelter underneath his umbrella



aps upon  
Pauline  
mute' duet



## A Family of Three

Captain and  
Mrs. George Brodrick  
and Mhari



*Mother and Daughter*



*Snow Scene:  
The Brodricks at Home*

These pictures of Captain George Brodrick and his wife and small daughter were taken in Surrey, at the old farmhouse which is now their home. Captain Brodrick, who is in the Irish Guards, is the Countess of Midleton's only son by her first husband, the late Mr. George Jay Gould. He married in 1940 Miss Mhari Gourlay, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. Page Gourlay, of 54, Tedworth Square, S.W., one of the youngest debutantes of 1939. Their daughter, Mhari Gould Brodrick, was born in 1941, and her christening took place last July. Captain Brodrick's stepfather succeeded his father as second Earl of Midleton last February

*Photographs by  
Compton Collier*



Mrs. Ellis weighs the contents of a quarterly parcel received from a relative



Miss Wendy Moore writes labels for Next-of-Kin parcels and keeps invoices up to date



Mrs. Edward Joynson, wife of Flight-Lieut. E. Joynson, R.A.F.V.R., is a food packer



Mrs. Churchill—no relation to the Prime Minister—is another of the food packers



Miss Vigor, who has a brother prisoner of war, checks up after censorship

## Red Cross Parcels for Prisoners

### Packing at Two Centres

These packers are all voluntary workers at the North Row Centre and the Next-of-Kin Centre, Finsbury Circus. From North Row, hundreds of food parcels are despatched and finally delivered to every British and Dominion prisoner of war and interned civilian throughout Germany and Italy. Each one contains a balanced diet to supplement what is lacking in prison-camp rations, and must be carefully weighed so that it does not exceed the maximum weight of 11 lb. Fifty cigarettes or 2 ozs. of tobacco are always included. From the Next-of-Kin Centre go all the personal parcels which may be sent quarterly to individual prisoners. These parcels are unpacked at the Centre, censored, repacked and officially sealed for despatch



Mrs. Delaney has a husband prisoner of war



The Hon. Mrs. Peter Acton finally checks and stamps the food parcels for despatch. Her husband is Lord Acton's only brother



Mrs. George Bennett keeps a check on stores

Mrs. Olley, Mrs. L. F. Garratt and Mrs. Jackson



Lady Peggy Hoare finally assembles the food parcels. She is the wife of Captain E. B. Hoare, the Grenadier Guards, and is an aunt of the present Earl of Coventry



Leonara, Countess of Incheape, collects the contents of the food parcels together. She is the elder daughter of H.H. the Rajah of Sarawak

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## The Butcher Boys

THE Butcher Boy Jockey is the maladroit artist, who makes every post, excepting the only one that counts, the winning-post. He is no judge at all of pace, or distance, always a very inferior horseman, with, of course, hands as heavy as a leg of mutton. He has splendid fun while it lasts, but it never does last, and when he comes back to the unsaddling paddock, the owner has a good deal to say to him, and it is *never* complimentary.

## Three Men and a Hat

IT is suggested that this is a good title for a comprehensive history of this war and the period immediately preceding it. The obvious author is a gallant polo-playing Admiral, who is a pillar of the Royal Naval Polo Association, and who used to be very well known round and about Dover and Zeebrugge. It should be one right into the Admiral's hands, and I am convinced that he is quite capable of making it a best seller without any aid whatever from either a soldier or an airman. This book, I suggest, should not even so much as mention the word "rabbit," or conjurors, for not one of the Three Men was that, and it should equally avoid all mention of what was taken out of the hat. The main target must be the Three Men and the valuable thing which, by their combined effort, they have succeeded in putting into a hat.

## Double and Quits

MR. CURTIN'S demurrer (politely so-called) to the purloining of Mr. Richard Gardiner Casey is quite understandable, for the blow has not even been softened by an offer of a Castor in exchange for his Pollux. We might, I think, at least have done that! If Mr. Curtin had got our Foreign Secretary to fill the created void, I have no doubt that he would have at once cried "Quits!", for he would not have been able to tell the difference between the gentleman he lost and the gentleman he got. As Dee is the dead snip of Dum, Jekyll of Hyde,

one Thai of t'other Thai, Hitler of Charlie, one Corsican of the other buddy, so is Mr. Casey of Mr. Eden. There may be something much deeper in all this than anything of which we wot. It is most convenient upon occasion for prominent people to have doubles, and we need not travel as far as Ruritania for proof of this. In the present case the most lynx-eyed spy would be completely flummoxed, and could readily be pardoned for supplying wrong information as to the whereabouts of either of the two gentlemen under discussion. I believe that in another case such a thing has already happened, and that the Herr Doktor, Germany's Untruth No. 1, has been told that it was Mr. Robert Taylor, and not a very gallant British Commander, who had to swim for it in the Mediterranean not so very long ago. Anyway, in Mr. Casey's case he has only been moved to another thwart in the boat, and this thought, let us hope, may assuage Mr. Curtin's anger and induce him to forgive his brother Prime Minister.

## Lord Sefton's Gold Cup

IT was quite in keeping that someone bearing the name of Sefton should collect one of the best prizes of a very meagre lot in a brilliant but much-attenuated season. The Sefton, Molyneux (Lord Sefton's family name), Becher and Valentine 'Chases are landmarks almost as outstanding as the National itself, and two of them are most intimately connected with the great and ancient house whose members have been as prominent in war as they have been in sport. The present Lord Sefton is a former field Master of the Cottesmore, a very average good polo player, in addition to being a firm supporter of steeplechasing in the same way that his ancestors have been before him; and he is a particularly nice horseman. Medoc II., the Gold Cup winner, was quite entitled to be considered a possible, if not a probable, after poor Savon met a tragic end, and Paladin was yet once again prevented by leg trouble from joining in the fray, for just after Christmas he



## Alexandria Concert Party

Mrs. Cyril Barker, of Alexandria, at the back right in the picture, is with members of her concert party, who have given many performances for the forces at hospitals, camps and on ships. Visiting members of the Navy owe much to Mrs. Barker for the hospitality she offers them at her house in Alexandria. Beside her is Mrs. Vincenden, who is a keen supporter of the Free French

won over two miles of the Cheltenham course with 12 st. 12 lb. on his back, beating Solarium (11 st. 10 lb.) in very good style. Medoc II. is only nine years old, so there is plenty of time within which he could be readied to win the National over its own historic battleground. May it be soon!

## Hyperion's Family

THE original Hyperion was by Heaven out of Earth (Uranus—Ge), and his equine namesake, Sun Castle, one of his most distinguished sons, and who has had to be destroyed, has nobly upheld the great reputation of his prototype. Sun Castle got pricked shoeing, developed bad laminitis, and the abscess which formed broke out round his coronet; then other complications set in, so in the opinion of the eminent veterinary surgeons who were called in, there was nothing for it but euthanasia. His loss to his trainer, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochefort, was a special blow, because he had had so much to do with the family. He bought Sun Castle's



## At Cheltenham on the Closing Day of the National Hunt Meeting

The Earl of Westmorland and Major Kingscote were at the concluding afternoon's racing at Cheltenham. The Gold Cup, principal race of the day, was won by Lord Sefton's French-bred horse Medoc, and Lady Sybil Phipps won second place with Red Rower

Mr. Tom Coulthwaite, who recently celebrated his golden wedding, has a great record as a trainer of horses under National Hunt Rules. He is known to all racing folk as "Old Tom"

The Earl of Liverpool, who succeeded to the title last May, was also at Cheltenham races. He has a unique reputation for buying and training promising young steeplechasers

granddam, Perfection, for the late Lady Nunburnholme, and this mare gave them many good ones, such as Loaningdale, Prester John, Racedale, Castle Gay, and a real good filly, Optima, who went wrong but is the dam of Leger Day, so it is but natural that the loss of one of Hyperion's most promising sons should hit home.

#### Racing—A Valuable Opinion

A VERY distinguished pillar of the turf who desires to remain anonymous has written to me as follows: "I am glad to see that we are going to get a little racing, because I am sure that the workers need something to think about in their hours of relaxation. I see that they race in Germany, Italy, France and America, and surely it would be good propaganda for Goebbels if we shut down." We shall not shut down until military operations on our very doorstep make a temporary closure desirable.

#### Sweeney Todd of the Andamans

ANYONE who has ever been to the charming islands—purely as a temporary visitor, I hasten to add, and *not* as a more or less permanent guest—may recall that all the servants, and some of the tradesmen, are provided by the old lags. The islands are principally inhabited by gentlemen who have beaten the hangman by a neck, and they live under much the same conditions as those other gentlemen who used to be sent to Botany Bay. It is quite possible for anyone to be shaved by a notorious throat-slitter, or to have his wine decanted by a butler who holds the poisoning record, but against both of which there was lacking just that scintilla of proof which would have justified their being awarded the long jump. Circumstances such as these, as I was assured by an eminent official in Port Blair, lend a certain zest to an existence which might otherwise be a bit drab. Lord Mayo, the Viceroy who was assassinated by a convict, was, incidentally, one of the original members of the (I think) oldest pig-sticking club in the world, the Calcutta Tent Club. Lord Mayo was a heavy-weight, and they say always rode big Irish hunters, who nevertheless answered very well; which was rather surprising.

#### A Daughter of "The Squire"

THERE will be many in the world of sport, and particularly in that part of it which has to do with fox-hunting, who will mourn the death of that gallant little lady, Maudie Ellis,



Officers of an Anti-Tank Regiment (Gordon Highlanders)

Front row: Rev. J. Tennant, Capt. J. R. Lawrence, S. F. Evans, W. L. Henderson, Major A. L. S. Mitchell, the Commanding Officer, Major J. F. Cumming, Capt. J. H. Ogilvie, G. A. Rowton, Lieut. (Q.M.) A. Dickie, G. A. Burnett. Second row: 2nd Lieut. J. M. Hamilton, A. F. W. Low, J. B. D. Lane, Lieut. W. M. Grant, W. J. Sanderson, the Hon. H. K. A. Cecil, J. R. H. Newton, A. M. Milne, D. I. S. Mackay, R. W. Gibb, 2nd Lieut. G. S. C. Fowlie. Third row: 2nd Lieut. R. H. McArthur, G. H. Campbell, A. Lumsden, G. S. Galbraith, J. D. Gordon-Lee, O. E. G. J. Collard, R. J. A. Hornby, I. S. Gavin, C. Fraser, R. H. Hyslop. Back row: 2nd Lieut. A. A. M. Tai, Lieut. P. Burnett, 2nd Lieut. A. Mackenzie-Smith, R. H. Reeves, W. F. Jeffrey, W. W. Davidson, D. H. Pollock

the sole surviving daughter of the famous "Squire of Bentley" (Mrs. G. C. Cheape), and the sister of Leslie Cheape, the K.D.G. and International, who carved such a great niche for himself in the temple of polo fame. General Ronald Cheape, another brother, is the only one of "The Squire's" sons who is still alive. Leslie was killed in action in 1916; two of "The Squire's" other daughters were drowned at sea, and so was Colonel Hugh Cheape, when the ship The Leasowes Castle was torpedoed in the Mediterranean in the last war. Maudie Ellis, like all the rest of the family, was quite first-class on a horse, and was very well known in the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire country, in Fifeshire, where her father, the late Colonel G. C. Cheape, was Master of the Western pack in 1873, and in Worcestershire, where she had lived in her mother's old house at Bentley after leaving Scotland. It was during the time that she was in the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire country that Maudie Ellis won fame as a point-to-point rider, for she collected the Heavyweight

'Chase at Oatridge on April 7th, 1923, fairly and squarely beating all the male "jockeys." The horse was named "Sabretache," after the writer of these notes, a quite undeserved compliment, for I only rode him in a gallop once, and he was owned by the late Mr. Harry Armour, who fell dead whilst out hunting with the L. and S. It was in this country also that Maudie Ellis achieved another record, for, when riding in another point-to-point some years later, she dislocated her neck—and survived! Only a very few have done this: the late Lord Minto, when Zero fell with him in the Grand National of 1876, the late Major "Eusty" Crawley, also in a steeplechase, Brigadier General Giles Courage, out hunting with the Bicester, and Major Colin Davy, in a fall in a 'chase at Sandown. There is one other case I can recall, but as it was only a partial dislocation, I suppose it does not count. Like many another old friend, I feel that this tribute to a brave and very lovable little lady is the least thing that someone who knew and admired her can do.



D. R. Stuart

#### At an R.A.F. Station

Squadron Leader G. Edward Collins, C.I.E., M.C., seen here with the Adjutant of his station, Flight Lieut. R. D. Green, joined the R.A.F. in 1939. He served in the last war, and has had a distinguished career in India in the Poona Horse



#### A March Past

The Marquis of Exeter, Lord Lieutenant of Northamptonshire, took the salute at a march past of Civil Defence units at Earls Barton. With him are the Chief Constable of Northampton, and Colonel P. Lester, Zone Commander, Home Guard



#### Mr. Dugdale Paints Coxswain Harry Blogg

Coxswain Harry Blogg, of Cromer, recently decorated with the B.E.M., was painted by Mr. T. C. Dugdale. Harry Blogg, who has saved over 600 lives since war began, has already been made an O.B.E., and holds the George Cross, the triple "Lifeboat V.C.", and five Royal National Lifeboat Institution medals

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Honesty

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S *Strictly Personal* (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.) is remarkable as an inside document, as well as excellent as a book. A good deal that he has written, in these pages, must have been painful to write—or, at least, the result of painful experience. Though *Strictly Personal* touches a number of other topics, its main theme is France—France on from the late summer of 1939 to the tragic early summer of 1940.

A man's relationship with a country that he has found and loved can not only involve deep feeling, but be in one sense more intimate than his relationship with the country of his birth. (One may find that one is often more intimate with a friend than with a member of one's own family: the two kinds of affection are different, though they may be equally strong.)

In France, on the Mediterranean coast, Mr. Maugham had made what he hoped would be his abiding home. And in this latest book of his he makes clear, though he writes with reticence, how deeply France had entered into his life, how much she had given him, and how much, in understanding and loyalty, he had been happy in giving her.

Mr. Maugham is far from being the only Englishman for whom an emotional tie with that friendly, graceful, smiling and deeply civilised country had come into being. For many of us the fall of France was more than a war catastrophe, with grave attendant threats: it was a personal tragedy.

Of the personal aspects of summer 1940, many of us who love France found it hard—and still find it hard—to speak. The thing went too deep, and that time was no time for words. It is dreadful to see a friend humiliated and, however temporarily, dishonoured.

Mr. Maugham, who was in France through it all, was spared nothing of this experience. Now, in this well-named account of months in his own life, he gives voice to feelings shared by many of us. He puts to great, though controlled, use his novelist's powers. Not the least of these is the power to see himself, and what happened to him, dispassionately, as though he were a figure in one of his own clear-sighted novels.

One might say that it takes a novelist—and one of Mr. Somerset Maugham's standing—to be the ideal autobiographer. Most people are too much involved with their own lives to be able to see themselves in true perspective. And, in any context, it is far from easy to pass on anything like impersonal judgment on one's own loves, sympathies, hopes and fears. Mr. Maugham more than shares the general wish to be honest; he is able to be honest effectively.

## Second Thoughts

THE honesty that distinguishes *Strictly Personal* is particularly to be respected because, in order

to attain it, Mr. Maugham has had to go back—or rather, revise in the light of later experience—a number of things he had said in print before.

During the early months of the war he wrote, in what was at that time complete good faith, a book on the French war effort, designed to show England the strength, the vigour and the solidity of the fighting spirit in 1939 France. He was (as he tells us in *Strictly Personal*) given access by the French authorities to war industries, Paris ministries, evacuee centres, militarised zones. Not only did he, like other distinguished writers, visit the Maginot Line, but he was everywhere invited behind the scenes.

It is now his unhappy duty to write the obituary of much in which he had believed. And he now admits that many things that he saw, in his tours of wartime France, did threaten him with mistrust—a mistrust which, at the time, he too hurriedly brushed away and forgot. Behind the official façade of enthusiasm he met anxious minds, uneasy wills and divided hearts. He saw signs of defective organisation and of inadequate leadership.

The fundamental soundness and decency of the bulk of the French people, especially of the smaller people, he still does not either question or doubt. But he shows how—and, still more importantly, *why*—these people failed to be kindled by the idea of war: they could not, in fact, bear to sacrifice their immediate interests—their homes, their farms or their businesses—to an issue no one had made them understand. The real fault, and the cause of the failure, was at the top. In their lack of faith



Bertram Park

## Lady Gorell a New Authoress

Lady Gorell's first book, "*So Early in the Morning*," about her three children, Timothy, aged 14, Ronald, 10, and Rosemary, 16, who went to America in July 1940, was published by Heinemann recently. Lady Gorell is the daughter of Mr. Alexander Radcliff

in their leaders, civil and military, the French were to find themselves tragically justified.

## Memories

YES, the theme of injured and betrayed France continues through *Strictly Personal*. But this does not alter the fact that the book lives up to its name: it is "personal" from beginning to end. The style is simple,

intimate and; above all, vivid. Here are large happenings shown through a series of small events. Never can tension behind the sunshine, the ascanse and emptying Riviera, the sense of disaster creeping over a loved house and garden, the mock peace of bathing and sailing through empty days when no news came, the invitation to suicide (not as an act of panic, but as an act of cold resolution) have been better described.

And the author's tours through France, in the early war days, are told with fidelity to the truth. After the fall of France comes the nightmare sea journey on the crowded collier, through the Mediterranean to England.

In the description of this protracted ordeal, through which every English soul aboard had to cling by his or her own means to sanity, *Strictly Personal* seems to me to come to its highest point: here is real matter for the art of Somerset Maugham. I am haunted most of all by that English butler, who, throughout scenes as dire as those in *The Ancient Mariner*, refused to relax by one inch his professional dignity.

So alive, so compelling is this book that, like all good writing, it plays a trick on one: Mr. Somerset Maugham's memories seem to become one's own.

(Concluded on page 24)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

ONE characteristic peculiar to caravans is that no one outside can believe, if the door be closed, that anybody can possibly be inside! So it is that lovers pause under the trees surrounding my domain to continue blissfully their mutual fiction about themselves. I cannot help listening, because there is nothing else to do about it. Besides, the technique, though as old as love, can be mildly amusing. Also it can be revealing.

For example, the one most devoted, and anticipating marriage through the sheer determination of that devotion, always reveals a kind of supercharged interest concerning whatever the other may be saying.

Maybe he is telling her of his adventurous past; posing as a kind of Western lover—a killer-at-sight if face to face with evil or enemies, but as gentle as a lamb towards the weak and defenceless, especially if they be female.

Maybe she is not really listening—unless the name of another girl falls from his lips, when she is all attention; maybe she is merely wondering to herself what kind of a husband he is going to make amid the intimacies of married life; maybe she hopes he will stop talking soon and start cuddling, since that puts her mistress of the situation from the first squeeze; maybe she is thinking of anything except the story of how he resisted temptation and fought his way out—but to all appearances she is

hanging on his words as if she had never been so thrilled in her life! On the other hand, she, maybe, is telling him how dull it was at home until he came along, or, if he seems not to realise that an embrace is here definitely indicated, she informs him of oh, so many young chaps she has turned down because their name was not Mr. Right.

To both of them, in any case, the growth of their love is as a miracle—not at all, as it really is, as easy to perform as sliding down a glacier on a tea-tray! Even their tiffs are self-organised; rather as if they were both a little bored by the syrup of that aspect of simple sex.

So, sometimes, as I sit and perforce must listen, I wish that novelists and poets and song-writers would just occasionally tell of the satisfying sense of joyful freedom which is not falling in love—but falling out of it! The sudden cessation of strain, of emotional unrest, of innumerable hurts which we were too proud to reveal, of moments of jealousy which scorched, of moments of ecstasy which died almost at birth.

The effort, metaphorically speaking, of having to sing like a lark when we really felt it difficult to utter a crow's squawk. The sudden feeling of independence which follows the realisation that our life is once more our own. The strength which comes by feeling triumphantly oneself henceforward—until, quite certainly, one falls in love again!

# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review  
of Weddings and Engagements



**Hudson Evans — Groom**

Dr. Michael L. Hudson Evans, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., son of Dr. and Mrs. F. Hudson Evans, of Lewisham, married Winifred Groom, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Groom, of Carlton Crescent, Luton, at the Church Star of the Sea, Greenwich



**Conroy — Turgoose**

Lieut. James Terence Conroy, Lancashire Fusiliers, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Conroy, of Welcomes, Worth, Sussex, married Mary Turgoose, youngest daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. Turgoose, of Liverpool, at St. Anthony's Church, Middlesex



**Mitchell — Hall**

Lieut. Roger Mitchell, of the Free French Forces, and Pamela Hall were married at the Parish Church, Chelsea. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hall, of 4, Tennyson Mansions, Chelsea



**Cockerill — Reid**

Captain R. F. Cockerill, The Royal Deccan Horse, son of the Rev. and Mrs. H. R. Cockerill, of Tretive Rectory, Hereford, and Carol Wendy Reid, daughter of Major and Mrs. A. F. Reid, of Chester, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Karachi, India



Lenore

**Mrs. W. E. Walrond**

Sec.-Lieut. W. E. Walrond, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Walrond, of Bramcote Road, S.W., married Rosemary Larcom, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Larcom, of Richmond, Surrey, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Lenore

**Daphne Webb**

Daphne Webb, only child of Admiral Sir Richard and Lady Webb, of Elbridge, Windlesham, Surrey, is engaged to Lieut. (E.) A. C. Mahoney, R.N. He is the son of Mrs. C. Garrard and stepson of Eng.-Capt. C. Garrard



**Mason — Lovely**

Sec.-Lieut. Thomas George Mason, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Mason, of Sheffield, married Valerie Margaret Lovely, at St. Mary's, Shortlands, Kent. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lovely, of Bromley, Kent



**McCorkell — Gregory**

Captain B. H. McCorkell, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, elder son of Captain and Mrs. B. F. McCorkell, of Londonderry, and Nina Gregory, younger daughter of the late B. H. Gregory, of Jersey, and Mrs. Gregory, of Bourne-mouth, were married at Odiham, Hampshire



**Harris — Lisle**

Lieut. Nicholas Harris, R.N.V.R., youngest son of Sir Percy Harris, Bt., and Lady Harris, of Morclon House, Chiswick, married Lucille Lisle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Jonas, of Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, at Tewkesbury Abbey



**Lovegrove — Harris**

Lieut. Henry John Lovegrove, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lovegrove, of The Glade, Northwood, Middx., and Patricia N. V. Harris, daughter of Sqn.-Ldr. and Mrs. S. H. B. Harris, of 13, Devonshire Terrace, Lancaster Gate, were married at St. Bartholomew's Church, Wickham Bishops, Essex

## SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 9)

tribute to all he has done for the St. John Ambulance in the district, and Superintendent Rose asked him to accept, on behalf of the division, a silver cup, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Wilding, to be competed for annually by the nursing division.

## People

LADY PETRE is living in Essex, but is sometimes seen in London: as Miss Peggy Hamilton, she was one of the prettiest people much seen about.

Another attractive person is Mrs. Rennie Hoare (I must apologise for wrongly describing her a few weeks ago as Anne, Lady Ebury), who married the eldest son of Mr. Henry and Lady Geraldine Hoare, Ellisfield Manor, Basingstoke, on December 23rd of last year. She was Miss Anne Acland-Troyte before her first marriage.

Captain Bobbie Jenkinson was having drinks with a party which included Baroness (Anne Marie) Winterstein-Gillespie; Mr. Peter Quennell was about; so was Mr. Tony Wheeler—he married Miss Edith Dawkins, Lady Bertha Dawkins's daughter, and they have a young son.

Lady Bridgett Poulett was looking lovely, as she always does; Lady Courtney was shopping, carrying her emerald green hat in her hand, and Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge was looking as smart as ever.

## Around

LORD TREDEGAR looked well and happy on a gay Saturday evening: his lovely South Audley Street house stands erect and smart among surrounding ruins, with diamond-paned windows and gay window-boxes.

Miss Sheila Putnam, now high up in the W.R.N.S., was out the same evening. Her father used to live at Farringdon House, near Exeter, and had some famous point-to-pointers and flat-racers. Now he has bought Bloxworth Manor, in Dorset.

An amusing story being told was about the rivalry between the Life Guards and the Scots Greys—when the latter were visiting Windsor the Life Guards laughed at the smallness of their horses, the famous greys, and when the two Regimental Sergeant-Majors were walking round the stables one day the Life Guards one complained of the litter of straw in the gutters.

"Tell your men to sweep it in, under those white mice of yours," he said.

## Night Life

PRINCE PAUL OF GREECE was out dancing late, and sitting with the young Lord Milford Haven and Lady Carolyn Howard. Mr. Johnnie Norton, Mrs. Richard Norton's son, was there too, and at another table Vivien Leigh's beauty shone through the gloom.

Mrs. Ulick Browne was there as usual, talking to her guests, and Mr. "Sticks" Freeman was a wonderful addition to the cabaret—he plays and sings most beautifully.

All sorts of people are liable to crop up in the cabaret—Mr. Edward Cooper usually contributes if he is there, and one night he, Mr. Walter Crisham and Mr. Robert Helpmann performed.

## New Revue

MR. CLIFF GORDON was in the Music Box one evening, listening to Hugh Wade playing new tunes from America, and talking about the new revue in preparation at the Vaudeville, in which he is to appear. Henry Kendall is producing and taking part, which is good, and others will be Charles Hawtrey, Nadine March and Joan Swinstead.



Yevonde

## An Australian Flight Sergeant and His Bride

Flight Sergeant R. F. Ridgway, R.A.F.V.R., was photographed after his recent marriage to Miss E. M. Coats, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Coats, of Corsebar, Paisley. He is the third son of the late John Ridgway, and of Mrs. Emily Ridgway, of Wagga Wagga, New South Wales, and he is a well-known humorous artist

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

## The Sane Mad

MR. CLAUDE HOUGHTON'S *All Change Humanity* (Collins; 9s. 6d.) is a novel with a curious atmosphere—not so much, perhaps, in the actual story as in its overtones. Though not a single happening is supernatural, one feels an eerie suspense for which one cannot account.

The story itself, though ingenious, is quite straightforward: it is also exceptionally well built. Vincent Drake, the narrator, a rolling stone, is persuaded, in the course of a chance meeting in Paris, to return to England to take up an unusual post—that of companion to young Christopher Bell, who, after a period of so-called insanity, has been certified fit to return to life. Christopher is, at the same time, a millionaire, and an enormous group of his relatives are interested in getting control of his fortune.

A nastier lot than these Teasdales and Mannerings (led by Christopher's Mannerings half-brothers and sisters) is hardly to be imagined. They represent all that is worst in the old order: they are impecunious, incompetent, decadent and designing.

Mr. Houghton—preferring allegory to realism—has deliberately overdrawn this gang. They resemble the creeping monsters of fairy-tales. In the same sense, an almost magic light surrounds the genius-figure of Christopher—whose appearance in *All Change Humanity* is the more effective for being very brief.

Vincent Drake's waiting-time in Christopher's London house is gladdened by the presence of another lovely ex-lunatic, Rosa, the parlourmaid. By the end, Beulah Island, that mental colony from which both Rosa and Christopher emanate, comes to be seen by Vincent as a sort of Island of the Bless'd. To Beulah Island does Vincent, in company with the few other sympathetic characters in the novel, eventually repair. From these headquarters, one takes it, the rest of the threatened world is to be saved.

For the world needs saving. The time of the novel is 1938. The futility of the bad characters is thrown into relief by the war-clouds gathering behind them. Intent, it would appear, on their own and their world's ruin, the Teasdale-Mannerings ignore Christopher's unspoken, mystical doctrine of salvation. Only in one Mannerings, the old and dauntless Sir Michael, does one find the old English spirit alive. At the end Sir Michael marries a factory-girl, resolved to beget one last and superb child. . . . You can see how the allegory works out.

Mr. Claude Houghton's method is all his own. *All Change Humanity* left me a little dizzy—but as a tour de force of imagination and storytelling, this novel certainly comes off.

## Black Sheep

MISS BRIDGET CHETWYND'S *Milo Fane* (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.) is an imaginative and very moving reconstruction of the career of a black sheep. I greatly admire the manner in which Miss Chetwynd has conveyed Milo's tragedy—and also made felt his charm and loveliness—through the medium of casual family talk and lightly touched-in retrospective scenes. The tragedy, felt through its veil of wit, is a real one—Milo was a romanticist who found truth bitter.

The scene of the family conversation is the Fanes' country house—semi-shut up, its great garden run wild. The speakers—his niece, his aunt, his wife, his son, his brother and sister—each have an individuality of their own. It is the niece Sara who, in her search for the truth, threads the different stories about Milo together. This novel is full of atmosphere—also, it gives brilliant vignettes of periods, from the Edwardian, on through the 'twenties, to now.

## Hoops

WEEK after week, thousands of listeners hear the Brains Trust—regulars and visitors—go triumphantly through their intellectual hoops. "Any Questions?" has proved to be one of the best ideas the B.B.C. ever had. Begun tentatively, it soon scored a triumph. Apparently, there is a more general interest in facts, and also in ideas for their own sakes, than the British pessimist might have thought.

*The Brains Trust Book* (Hutchinson; 1s.) makes a timely appearance, and should be popular. Edited by Howard Thomas, with an introduction by Donald McCullough, this offers good fare to the Brains Trust fan. Many of the more notable questions—as to sea-serpents, poltergeists, how flies land on ceilings, how one concentrates, how music charms snakes, how the creative mind works, etc., etc.—are, with their still more notable answers, here reproduced.

One can now check up on what Professor Joad, Dr. Julian Huxley and Commander Campbell, and the different distinguished additions to their number, actually *did* say. One session—with Miss Ellen Wilkinson present—is reproduced in full.

There is also a detailed and lively history of the Brains Trust, from its start. At its first session—January 1941—it came within inches of sharing a studio with a band!

## Cautionary Tale

SOMETHING NASTY IN THE WOODSHED," by Anthony Gilbert (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.), more than lives up, as a shocker, to its promising title. It may also act as a warning to unwary spinsters who are tempted to answer marriage advertisements. Mr. Gilbert is to be congratulated on a completely surprising, ingenious plot.

# Harrolds

Warmer-weather suits



**Two-Piece in two-tone crepe.** The tailored jacket in black has a velvet collar — the dress, a stitched pleated skirt in black, with blouse top in lime green. Hand-made flower also in lime green.  
Hips 36-41. (YS55.)  
13 coupons. **17½ Gns.**

**The Charming Dress** of this two-piece has a panel of front fullness in the skirt, novelty pockets and corselet waist. The brief bolero is embroidered in a pick-up of the bodice shade. Black or navy with lime, ice, maize or pastel pink; also brown/lime or brown/mustard.  
Hips 35-40. (YS56.)  
10 coupons. **12½ Gns.**

## Twin Sets

by



Cashmere Sweater — new "High in front neck" line.  
Short sleeves **42/6**  
Long sleeves **49/6**  
Cashmere Button-up Shirt-waist in contrasting colour. Large range of new shades **55/9**  
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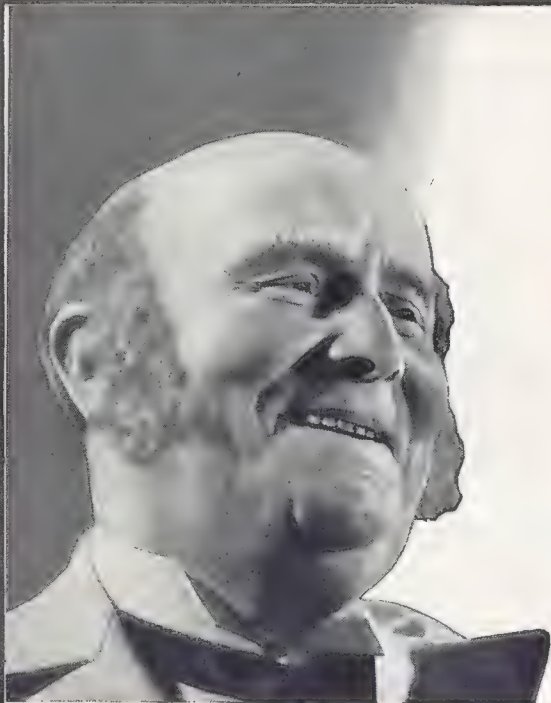
Colour does make a difference, and no one can cavil at the statement that Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, is an artist in the blending of the same. It is very noticeable in the lace evening dress portrayed, which is a study in lizard and beetle-wing shades lightened with thread. The long sleeves terminate in points, an epaulette effect being introduced on the shoulders, the neckline is very high. There is a waterfall effect at the back, and thus it is as appropriate for informal evening wear as for the bride. Very successful are the wedding fashions in these salons. Although white has still its followers, many women prefer pastel shades, especially blue. The little frocks accompanied by boleros, the latter trimmed with fur, are really delightful

Nowhere in the domain of fashion have greater changes taken place than in sports knitwear. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have assembled in their salons an outstandingly practical collection. It is in complete harmony with the times. Illustrated on this page is a crêpe jersey frock trimmed with soutache, finished with a neat sash. It can be slipped on in the fraction of a second and is becoming to the youthful figure. There is an infinite variety of unusual coatees, many being reminiscent of the old-world jacket with "puff" sleeves, fluted basques and the emphasised waist. Again there are redingotes finished with white turn-over collars and cuffs

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION BY M. E. BROOKE



Never has there been a time when footwear has been more important. It must be comfortable, and naturally high heels are never seen. The colours are cheerful and contrasts are everywhere noticeable. Illustrated on the left is the Joyce "Middy" shoe. As a compliment to our American allies, stars and stripes appear on the canvas. It will be noticed that the heel and toe are cut away. In the second picture the model on the left is a Selberiti shoe of tan calf trimmed with lizard. It is a ghillie shoe in tan calf that is seen on the right: a strong point in its favour is that it has a walled toe. Footwear of this character is sold by stores and shoemakers of prestige



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## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

### Stories from Everywhere

A SAILOR went dashing down the quayside to a boat just as she was pulling out. The boat had moved off three or four yards, and he jumped and fell, hitting the deck with the back of his head.

For several minutes he lay stunned. When he came to, the boat was several hundred yards from the shore. He looked back, blinked a time or two, and shouted: "Boy! Oh boy, can I jump?"

AN American city gentleman, who had taken a fancy to country life, was bargaining with the farmer for the purchase of the latter's property.

"What have you got on this farm?" he asked.

The farmer shrugged.

"Wal," he drawled, "it's like this. Got over two hundred acres of land, a two-storey house, a new barn, twenty of cattle, three hunnern chickens, seven hogs—and a wife. You kin have it all for ten thousand dollars."

"Okay," smiled the city man. "I'll buy your place. But, of course, there's no need to include your wife in the bargain."

The farmer sighed with relief.

"I'm sartinly glad of that," he cried, happily. "'Cause I sorta like the gal!"



Two magistrates were summoned for exceeding the speed limit. When they arrived at court there were no other magistrates present, so they decided to try each other. Number one went on the Bench and the case proceeded.

"You are charged with exceeding the speed limit. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

"You will be fined five shillings."

They then changed places and again the plea was "guilty."

"H'm," was the response. "These cases are becoming far too common. This is the second we have had this morning. You will be fined thirty shillings."

AN officer taking a senior officer's course was asked how he would set about capturing a bridge. Instead of giving the regulation answer about mortars, covering fire, and so on, he replied: "I would jump into the road, fire my revolver three times, and shout 'Charge!'"

"Don't be facetious," he was told.

"I am not being facetious," he replied. "I captured three bridges in France, and this method worked very satisfactorily each time."

AFTER an excellent meal at a West End restaurant a diner called for the manager. "Three years ago," he said, "I dined at this restaurant, and as I could not pay you kicked me out."

"I am very sorry, sir," replied the manager. "Please accept my apologies." "Don't mention it," said the diner. "You can just do it again, for I still haven't any money."

THREE little boys were boasting about their parents and their belongings.

"My father is going to build a house with a steeple on it," said the first boy.

"That's nothing," exclaimed the second boy, "my father is going to build a house with a flagpole on it."

Then the third boy came in triumphantly with: "My father is going to build a house with a mortgage on it."

THE sailor had finished with his girl. After ignoring several letters, requesting the return of her photograph, he received one threatening to complain to the captain. Deciding to silence her for ever, he borrowed all the pictures of girls available in the ship, sending them to her in a large packet with the following note:

"Pick yours out. I've forgotten what you look like."

### Are You Hoarding Munitions of War?

Many people who would not dream of hoarding food, seem to have no scruples about hoarding munitions of war. Hoarding munitions? Yes, that is precisely what every one is doing who keeps stacks of unnecessary books and papers and magazines in their home.

The pulping mills are hungry for old books to turn into material from which all manner of munitions can be made in war factories.

Remember that half a dozen old books will make one mortar shell carrier, one magazine will make the interior components for two mines.

Books, long possessed, are like old friends. It is a sacrifice to part with them, but sacrifices must be made if victory is to be won. No one must stand outside the wall of national endeavour.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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With 'Viyella' or 'Clydella' Women's Service Shirts in your kit you're o.k. for shirts till peace day. Hard work and frequent washing won't spoil their good looks on and off parade.

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**Good Pull-up**

Go and stop, pace and pull-up, are in all senses the beginning and end of air fighting. 'Tis better to enter into battle with a regulated rush than with a ruddy rush and that is why I want to see the fullest development of stopping as well as of speeding. We approach the era of air-brakes for all.

As extreme drunkenness exercises a sobering effect, so extreme speed predisposes towards the sequel of extreme slowness. We have learned how to make aeroplanes go fast, and now we are seeing that it is as important to make them go slowly; they must be capable of retarding as well as accelerating.

Air brakes are wanted for fighters, bombers, torpedo carriers and other types. Highly streamlined modern aeroplanes tend to "run away" when they are dived for any length of time. Controls stiffen up and the pilot sacrifices his power of manoeuvre to a headlong, straight dive. He ought to be given the power to check his aircraft and to kill its high speed at any moment.

**Improvised Air Brake**

ONE of the funniest stories of the earlier aviation, of the days when pilots flew to pick up a precarious living and gave joy rides and pageants, concerns the value of air brakes. A certain pilot who used one of those excellent Desoutter monoplanes had to land in an exceedingly small field in the course of his duties. There was no possibility of making a normal landing there in safety. What was wanted was one of the old wire and wood bird-cages that were so poor aerodynamically that they practically stopped the moment the engine was switched off. But the Desoutter was a clean, well-designed monoplane which stuck to its speed and tended to glide on and on and to float if it had only a few crumbs of speed left in it.

Our ingenious airmen found an entertaining solution to this problem of landing float. As the pilot brought the machine in on the approach glide, the mechanic braced himself on a seat bearer near the cabin door. Then, as the moment of touch down was imminent, the pilot gave a word of command and the mechanic thrust the door as far open as he could hold it against the relative air stream! This resulted in a useful braking effect which prevented the aircraft

# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

from overshooting—at least that is what the aircraft operators thought.

**1½ Strutter**

THE method reminded me of the time when I was at Farnborough a great many years ago engaged on ferrying some of the first Sopwith 1½ strutters across to France. Tommy Sopwith had fitted these machines with air brakes. They were flaps which wound up near the wing roots by means of a large wheel in the pilot's cockpit.

People were a little shy of air brakes in those days; but my own experience of those air brakes of twenty-seven years ago was that they were effective and capable of big development. After the belief that, with air brakes on, the machine became uncontrollable had been proved false, the way was open for big advances.

The advances were not made because there was no urgent need for them. Now there is such a need. A Spitfire pilot who dives to attack a slow type of enemy aeroplane may find himself hurtling past the enemy so quickly that he is given insufficient time to take a careful and accurate sight. What he ought to be able to do is to move up to the enemy at high speed, come into firing position, and then suddenly put on the brakes and stay in firing position as long as he wishes.

It is much the same with dive bombing. Modern aircraft are aerodynamically too clean to come down like a plummet on a target without acquiring excessive speed. They must be given—as the Junkers 87 is given—a means of controlling their speed in the dive, or in other words of putting on the brakes.

Speed is a thoroughly good thing, but one can have it in excess. It should be adjustable by means of air brakes. An aircraft, in other words,

ought to be able to dash up to an objective like a puppy dog and then suddenly stop. It is the old story of the value of contrasts. "Eke white by blake, eke shame by worthiness," or something of that sort.

**Offensive Fortresses**

NO more misleading name for anything has never been devised than that of Fortress for the Boeing high-level bombers. A fortress stands still and remains firm under frequent blows. The Boeing Fortress goes out and delivers the blows.

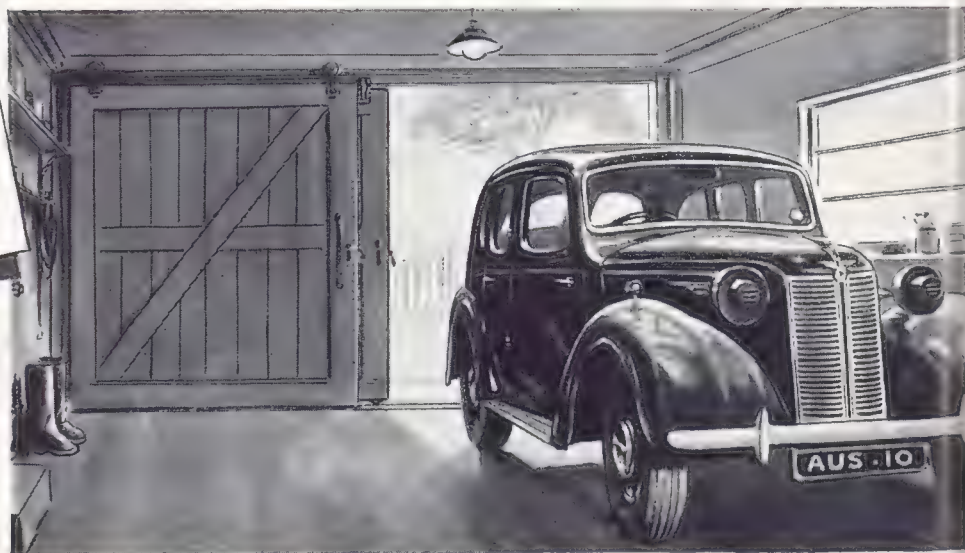
During the middle of March in the Pacific some of the blows were well-timed and weighty. These aircraft had a mixed reception in Great Britain. Some said that they were very, very good, and others said that they were horrid. But the fact remains that in the hands of the American captains and crews who have got thoroughly used to them and maintained by ground staffs equally used to them, the Fortresses appear to be fine aircraft capable of hitting really hard.

And when I speak of hitting hard I must allude to a favourite subject of mine; the ratio between the hardness of the blow and the losses incurred in delivering it. It is clear that there is a sort of sliding scale between the weight of bombs which can be carried by a given aircraft and that aircraft's chance of getting through the enemy's defences without being damaged. As the bomb weight goes up, so the safety of the aircraft goes down.

The aircraft which would be safest in a trip to Berlin and back would be the aircraft which carried no bomb load at all, and which used all its power and all its design merit in obtaining the highest possible speed. On the other hand the most vulnerable aircraft would be one which carried such an immense load that it could only just get off the ground; could only scrape in over the French coast with a foot to spare; could only just reach Berlin and only just get back again.

Such a machine would in practice have little chance of getting back again. It is a thing the theorists who advise the Air Staff so glibly are apt to forget. There is always this sliding scale. One must moderate one's desire to hit the enemy with immense bombs because of the need to do the hitting without excessively heavy losses.

From AUSTINS  
to AUSTIN owners



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Many motorists who "ran" two or more cars in peace time have had to lay up or sell the larger or least economical vehicles. If one of them was an Austin, of course that was the one to be kept running. For now that you use the car only for essential

journeys and war work, it's more important than ever to have a car which never lets you down, which runs well on almost any petrol, which gives you most miles per gallon and the least need for repairs and maintenance. That's a fairly complete description of an Austin, isn't it!

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M. 3

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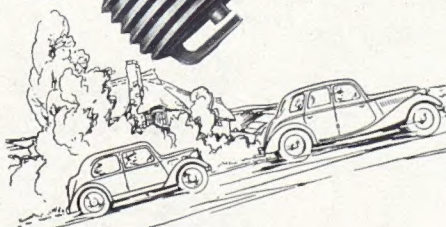
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